I haue togeather with my practize, made famyliar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2.Gent. Your honour has through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues,
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your perſonall payne,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*.
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chiſt.

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Chiſt; tis of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2.Gent. T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2.Gent. T'is ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe tis caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp?

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2.Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2.Gent. Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured
with full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
in the Characters:

Heere